EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

MR. DOOLEY LOOKS AT '56: Barnet Baskerville

THE Nation

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JULY 21, 1956

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RUSSIA REVISITED

The First of a Series of Reports

by Frederick L. Schuman

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by Dan Wakefield

Drugs For the Mind

by H. Azima

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LETTERS

The Presidential Poll

[*The editors of* The Nation *sincerely thank the many readers of this magazine who participated in the Presidential Preference Poll, results of which were published in last week's issue. A large number of readers sent letters along with their ballots, explaining their vote. The following are excerpts from a sampling; space does not allow for fuller treatment.*]

Dear Sirs: Until recently I rationalized that Kefauver was the least of the many evils and therefore justified my vote. But this last comfortable illusion was destroyed with this opportunist's attempt to out-warmonger Stevenson by his endorsement of continued A- and H-bomb explosions.

Even if Eisenhower were spry and sixty again, I could not vote for him. His administration's giveaways to big business are more than I can swallow. Indeed, all of the major party candidates represent the special vested interests of the one per cent of the nation's families which own two-thirds of all corporate stock. As far as I'm concerned, it is strictly a family matter; and I'm not kidding myself into thinking that I am part of the family just because they give me a vote.

O. ROBERT KAUFMAN
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: I am a delegate to the Democratic National Convention and agree with the A.D.A., of which I am a member, that Harriman, Kefauver and Stevenson are the three best candidates. My personal feeling is that Stevenson erred in accepting Sparkman as a running mate in 1952 and fear he might take on the same sort of partner this time. Governor Stevenson is a tremendous man and I could happily accept him as a candidate if he would be more direct and not so "moderate."

DICK HAM
Boulder City, Nev.

Dear Sirs: My first reaction is to keep President Eisenhower from winning a second term if at all possible, but the question is not so simple. Mr. Eisenhower, for all his shortcomings, may have been instrumental in keeping this nation out of another war . . . Nixon, of course, is unthinkable. Symington's preoccupation with a large air force to the exclusion of all else does not appeal to me either. The choice between Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman is not an easy one. They are all intelligent men and I expect to vote for whichever one is nominated.

On the whole, I have a tendency to be pessimistic about the whole business. I would say, having in mind Scott Nearing's latest book, *The U. S. A. Today*, that it will make little difference in the long run whether we vote in 1956 for Tom, Dick or Harry.

HARRY RYAN
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: I would like to comment on one reason for marking Mr. Harriman's name instead of that of my earlier preference, Mr. Stevenson. It is this: After spending several weeks recently in North Carolina I realized how deeply entrenched racial prejudice is in the government and among the people of intelligence there, and I would prefer to vote for a candidate who is more strongly committed to integration than Mr. Stevenson seems to be.

ELIZABETH B. LYON
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Even at the risk of falling for the Eisenhower cult, I shall, as things stand now, vote for him. The Democrats seem bent on continuing the arms race: their peace proposals, if any, are watery and I think many of the important Democrats are still smarting under the charge of "soft on communism." I've never before voted for a Republican President, but even Ike sick holds out better promise in re labor and foreign policy than either Mr. Stevenson or Mr. Harriman.

ELIZABETH B. BOYDEN
Tamworth, N. H.

Dear Sirs: Observation of the last three and a half years convinces me that the President's health makes not one whit of difference, and has not made any. The series of events that have taken place, with the possible exception of Geneva, would have taken place whether he was as incapacitated as Wilson in his last days or as robust as Teddy Roosevelt. In short, the President has been since before election nothing more than a retired general engaged as a benign "Chairman of the Board of Directors."

KAMINI K. GUPTA
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Stevenson picked himself off the floor in Minnesota, slugged his way through the District of Columbia, New Jersey, Florida, Oregon and California. I rank him second, behind Thomas Jefferson, among the all-time great candidates of the Democratic Party.

LESTER SPIEGELMAN
San Francisco, Calif.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 3

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

The Eisenhower Candidacy

The news photos of President Eisenhower which accompanied the announcement that he would run again were heartbreaking. We had known, of course, that he had lost twenty pounds following his operation, but not until we saw the familiar grin from an unfamiliar and shrunken face did the full impact hit us. Not all the Madison Avenue tripe ever "noodled" can befog the story disclosed by the photos.

The GOP "team" is reported to be in raptures over the President's decision. Our own enthusiasm is more restrained. As *The Nation* observed editorially on June 30, the Presidency is not an office to be tailored to fit the candidate. It is entirely possible that, on Election Day, so many voters will share our compassion for the subject of these photos that Mr. Eisenhower will at long last get the rest he obviously needs.

Gesture Against G.M.

The country has had every right to assume that President Eisenhower approves of General Motors, world's largest corporation, and its practices. After all, he has had three G. M. representatives in his Cabinet —an unprecedented situation. Now, three and a half years after the President took office, *and within a few months of another national election,* the Administration announces the filing of an anti-trust action against the giant firm. Attorney General Brownell, who broke the news of the impending action on a July 4 televised interview, insisted the timing was a coincidence.

But it isn't only the timing that is suspect. Mr. Brownell made clear that the suit would be confined to the single question of whether or not G. M., which does 80 per cent by volume of the country's bus business, is a legitimate competitor in the industry. No question is to be raised of G. M.'s 76 per cent share of the locomotive business, of its dominant position in the automobile industry, of its vast interests in the home-automobile industry (though later there was vague reference to an "investigation"), of its vast interests in the home-appliance field and in diesel engines, water and lighting systems, aviation and marine products. Not even G. M.'s recent entry into the earth-moving equipment industry will be subjected to scrutiny.

Will this suit culminate, like other recent ones, in a "soft" out-of-court agreement that will fail to restore genuine competition? Mr. Brownell's Department of Justice, for instance, started action which resulted in minor restrictions being placed upon the Hilton hotel chain and the A. T. and T.; in neither instance did the defending corporation lose its commanding position in its own field. Similarly, International Business Machines must now sell rather than lease its products, a limitation which has had no basic effect on I.B.M.'s position in its industry. With these immediate precedents in mind, the more one looks at the action against G. M., the more unreal it appears.

Murder by the Press?

At this writing, the month-old Weinberger infant, kidnapped from its parents' home in a New York suburb, is still missing. The *Daily News* broke the story despite a police plea to the press to withhold it for the one-day deadline set by the kidnapper for payment of the ransom. It is now alleged that the police mishandled the plea, delivering it too late and in too "casual" a fashion. In any case, the rest of the metropolitan press followed the *Daily News* to the door of the stricken home. Tragedy took on the mask of harlequin. Newsmen ran wild; three of them in an automobile were permitted to keep watch on the spot from which the kidnapper was supposed to collect the ransom. Then a detective tipped off a reporter that the money was phoney. Soon a bitter mother was telling the newsmen: "I could cut all your throats."

A week later, many thoughtful New Yorkers were wondering whether their enterprising newspapers had succeeded in murdering a month-old child. Some editors looked into their own consciences. The New York *Times* published a *mea culpa* editorial; *Time* agreed that the press had overreached itself. Letters to editors demanded that police be permitted to keep reporters out of kidnapping cases. This revulsion of feeling was natural (but how many of New York's now indignant citizens encouraged the press by buying extra papers?). It can also turn out to be a dangerous reaction. At issue is not so much the freedom of the press; very much worse abuses of it can be perpetrated, and have been, than denying editors the right to endanger a baby's life by premature publicity. But there is involved here the specific need to keep an eye on the police. Without the prying eye of the reporter, the police could become an OGPU overnight, bent on un-

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seen errands for inscrutable purposes, responsible to no one but themselves.

The best—and most impractical—solution would be to urge editors to suffer their pangs of conscience before and not after the fact. It is impractical because crime *does* pay—if not the criminal, then certainly the newspapers. Perhaps the answer lies in a bill introduced into Congress requiring not police but *parental* consent to the giving out of news in a kidnapping case. A life is sacrosanct; so is the right of the public to know how policemen are doing their jobs. Somehow a way must be found to accommodate both principles.

Canadian Mouse

After devoting two and a half years to the study of capital punishment, a joint Senate-Commons committee of the Canadian Parliament has produced a mouse-like report. The death penalty would be retained for the crimes of murder, treason and piracy, for women as well as men, but would be eliminated for all offenders under eighteen and restricted in application to those between eighteen and twenty-one. The committee would replace "death by hanging" with "the electric table" on the quaint theory that with the former "so much depends on the personal competence of the hangman"! Hangmen may be a bit careless now and then but they usually manage to get their man. The real issue, of course, is not the hangman's efficiency—that might be improved, if necessary, as by offering university courses—but of capital punishment itself.

The report does contain three valuable recommendations: (1) Persons sentenced to death would have an appeal, as of right, to the Supreme Court of Canada; (2) The accused, in a capital-offense case, would have to be given complete details of the crown's case before trial; and (3) The accused would be required by law to plead not guilty. Worth noting is the fact that the committee members were not unanimous about keeping the death penalty; eight of its twenty-eight members voted to abolish it. The report brings the dominion a little nearer to the desirable goal of abolition—just as, in England, the House of Lords' disapproval of an abolition bill can do no more than postpone the inevitable.

Strange Embargo

Out of Washington come whispered tidbits of information which indicate that the embargo on trade with China is producing some strange results. The heavy flow of sterling into the Chinese treasury, for example, is disturbing Washington officials. In the first place, it indicates that the Chinese trade offensive in Southeast Asia has been moderately successful. The Chinese are reported to be selling "appreciable quantities" of light manufactured goods, such as textiles, flashlights, fountain pens and miscellaneous metal products, at prices which probably reflect a sizable subsidy (*Journal of Commerce*, July 5). As its reserves of sterling accumulate, China can use them effectively as a further wedge in its drive to dominate the markets of underdeveloped Asian countries. At the same time, the trade of Hong Kong and Japan suffers despite a growing "bootleg" trade and a steady increase in the number of items exempted from the embargo. In fact it is now a foregone conclusion that most of the allies who joined with us in imposing the embargo will insist on its revision once the U. S. election is over. It therefore seems that if an agreement to lift the embargo is to be used as the quid pro quo for a renunciation of force by the Chinese in the settlement of the Formosa issue, negotiations had better get under way pretty soon. After November, the issue may cease to have much bargaining weight.

An Employee Society

Business Week recently reported with unconcealed enthusiasm that the American consumer now "spends practically everything he makes. . . . In the employee society of today, money is to spend." The middle income families ($4,000 to $7,500), who receive nearly 45 per cent of the spendable income, save a mere 3.6 per cent. Only those self-employed now save and with them a saving is a tool, a means of enhancing their ability to earn a livelihood. The reason for *Business Week's* jubilation is clear: a percentage-point reduction in savings can mean a difference of $2.5 billion in expenditures on goods and services. And the trend is progressive: "The entrepreneurial element among us will probably continue to decline as a percentage of the whole. It is notable that in the face of rising production, the number of businesses in the United States has remained at just about the same level for the last fifteen years, which means that the self-employed steadily shrink in proportion to the others."

It may seem odd that a magazine like *The Nation*, which has been mistakenly characterized as a "radical" publication on more than one occasion, should regard these trends with much less "radical" enthusiasm than *Business Week*, which is hardly an "employee" magazine. Not that we believe that Ben Franklin's prudent maxims should guide current spending. It's just that we would like to see every American family with enough money in the bank so that Pop can tell off the boss, should occasion arise, without the whole family having to go on relief—for a few months. Then, too, we don't like being told not to save any more than we like being told what to buy. And the "mid-twentieth-century" consumer, notes *Business Week*, is dominated by a desire "to buy just what everyone else buys. Uniformity is the main feature of the spending patterns." But uniformity in spending patterns is another name for conformity in social and political behavior. We agree on the trend but can't share *Business Week's* enthusiasm for the proletarianization of our society.

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RUSSIA REVISITED: I

Moscow: Symbol of Change . . by FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

[*The writer, a frequent contributor to* The Nation *and author of* Soviet Politics *and other volumes on world affairs, has recently returned from his third visit to the Soviet Union, where he went to gather data for a new book on the USSR. This is the first of four articles. The others, dealing in turn with the rebirth of Stalingrad, the cost of living in the Soviet Union and the significance of the New Russia, will appear in following issues.*]

Moscow

AEROFLOT'S standard plane, an Ilyushin 12, glides gently to rest along a runway paved with octagonal blocks. The sign above the small but attractive airport building reads: *MOCKBA*. An energetic young linguist greets the voyager from abroad and escorts him to a waiting ZIS, the Soviet version of a Packard. The driver starts out for Moscow's three Intourist hotels, the National, the Metropole and the Savoy, all exuding the conspicuous luxury and refurbished grandeur of a vanished past.

The road winds through pleasant countryside, almost wholly devoid of billboards save for a few propaganda slogans about "peace" and the urgency of increasing production. As the traveler approaches the city from the southwest, he espies from afar on the Lenin Hills the thirty-seven story tower, with its graceful wings and turreted abutments, of Moscow State University's newest building, opened in 1953. In addition to classrooms, clubrooms, laboratories and gymnasia, the structure houses most of the faculty and student body (22,000) of the new Muscovy's largest institution of higher learning. All around the imposing citadel are miles of new apartments, some completed and more under construction via the innumerable giant tower-cranes lining the horizon. The sight is breathtaking. One understands at once why many American tourists call at the tall Embassy building on Tchaikovsky Boulevard to ask why everything is wholly different from what they had been led to expect.

My hotel is the National, where the last Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Michael, often stayed. An aged servitor remembers him well, since he tipped generously. (Tipping is now abolished, though misguided Americans may revive it.) Asked if he recalls Lenin, who stopped here briefly in 1918, he says: "No. After all, I can't remember everybody!"

Moscow shares with other Russian cities a total absence of all maps, street guides and phone directories. I saw only two street plans of the Soviet capital, both in offices of foreigners and both printed in Washington. The *Wehrmacht* in 1941-42, it seems, learned too much about urban geography from prewar guidebooks. So, absurdly, no new ones are to be had—a fact which casts new light on the Soviet response to Eisenhower's Geneva proposal of aerial inspection. Even the population of Soviet cities is a secret. No census has been taken since 1939. Estimates of the inhabitants of the Moscow metropolitan area range from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000. Phone service is good and free in all hotels. But the finding of phone numbers requires research.

What, at first glance, most impresses a visitor who has not seen Moscow for more than twenty years? *Cleanliness*. At long last, Russians have learned to be tidy. Moscow's broad streets and great squares are washed nightly by mechanized equipment and kept painfully spic-and-span each day by women with brooms and by trash-cans five or six to a block. No pedestrian dares to cast waste paper or even cigarette butts on the sidewalk. *Punctuality*. The new Muscovites are, with few exceptions, on time. *Efficiency*. In sharp contrast to the old times, projects are now accomplished with a minimum waste of labor and materials. The golden goal of surpassing America in such matters is still far off. But a great industrial civilization, totally socialized, has come into being. Its builders are no longer filthy *muzhiks* and sloppy proletarians. They have learned the arts and skills of competence. They are, for the most part, well dressed, well fed, and, in demeanor, energetic, happy and hopeful, albeit many of the young army recruits, children of the war years, appear stunted by the malnutrition of a fearful time of troubles.

Moscow in 1928 was a city where repair scarcely kept pace with deterioration. Moscow in 1933 was a city of stresses and strains and doubt,

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with no one certain as to whether the painful process of "building socialism" would succeed or fail utterly in an appalling debacle. Lincoln Steffens, in Moscow in 1918, wrote: "I have seen the future, and it works!" He hadn't. Moscow in 1956 is not "the future," save perhaps for that third of mankind under Communist rule. But it "works" and gives every appearance of a flourishing, going concern.

BY DAY and by night great throngs roam the streets, as in other Soviet cities, since cramped housing drives people, in fair weather, to seek the outdoors. If these vigorous citizens are oppressed by poverty or despotism, they show no external evidence of their feelings. Quite the contrary. All streets around the Kremlin are crowded with cars: tiny Moskviches (8,000 rubles), larger Pobedas (16,000 rubles), many trucks, and an occasional ZIM or ZIS (40,000 rubles).* Neat trolley-buses (thirty kopeks, about eight cents at the official rate) transport tens of thousands to and from their jobs, as do the elegant, fast and frequent trains (fifty kopeks) of the far-flung Metro, with its overly elaborate marble stations, all devoid of advertising. Not to be outdone, Leningrad opened its first subway last autumn with eight stations, each more lovely and more chaste in design than Moscow's best.

The most attractive spectacle in the Soviet capital is the permanent Agricultural Exposition, established in 1939, closed during the war years and enlarged, rebuilt and reopened in 1954. Here, amid spacious gardens and dramatic fountains, are striking buildings, each in its own style, housing the displays of the sixteen Republics of the Union and of various cities and regions. Colorful maps, charts, pictures and sample products offer a detailed portrait of farming, of research in agronomy, and, in adjacent structures, of industry and atomic energy as well. If Soviet agriculture were indeed as productive and prosperous as the exposition suggests, living standards would more closely approximate those of America.

*In the Soviet Union, the ruble is pegged at four to the dollar.

New residential building on an immense scale is everywhere in evidence in all Russian cities. Most of it, in the mass, is solid and impressive. Almost all of it is well below American and Western European standards of detailed perfection in craftsmanship. The Soviet Union, while rich in imaginative architects, is still poor in well-trained building workers. These toilers are badly paid, slip-shod and migratory. A curiosity of Moscow, southwest of the Kremlin, is the huge fenced-in expanse of the crumbling foundations of the Palace of Soviets projected before the war as the tallest building in the world. Khrushchev may be right in alleging that Stalin neglected the enterprise out of envy of Lenin, whose enormous statue was to crown the structure. I prefer to believe that somewhere common sense forbade the completion of what would have been a monstrosity. Other "skyscrapers" in the Soviet capital are well designed and appriately distributed to enhance, rather than to mar, the harmony of the metropolis. The first (1951) was the great tower on Smolenskii Boulevard housing the Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Foreign Trade. High apartment buildings loom over other districts. The most recent is the still unfinished Ukraine Hotel.

THE merits and defects of Soviet building are well exemplified in the gigantic new development on the Lenin Hills, only one of many such projects in Moscow's suburbs. Soviet conceptions of suburbia have nothing in common with American counterparts. Here are rising huge blocks of apartments, eight to ten stories high and built in hollow squares, each containing a thousand flats and enclosing vast courtyard gardens. Fragile stucco over crude brickwork alternates with more durable brick blocks or tile in the newer structures. Executives strive valiantly for "automation" in building construction. Stores and schools (but no churches) minister to the needs of the suburbanites. When completed in 1960 this new city will house 200,000 people.

A typical apartment consists of three rooms plus kitchen and bath, renting to a family of five for eighty rubles a month ($20 at the official exchange). The rate is very low and provides no "return" on the investment. Housing is envisaged, ideally, as a free public service. The apartments are well designed and decorated in good taste. Those fortunate enough to become tenants are delighted. Yet the ceilings are four feet higher than they need to be. And the masonry, woodwork and plumbing would, very often, not pass American inspection.

Every society excels in activities its members deem most important—cooking in France, work in Germany, music in Italy, housing, motor cars and baseball in America. Russians give priority to ballet, opera, theatre and concerts. Goals most dearly cherished are education and "culture." It is not fortuitous that Moscow's most impressive structures, apart from historic landmarks, are the new university and the old Lenin State Library where, in the shadow of the Kremlin, some 2,000 employees serve 5,000 daily readers and preside over 18,000,000 books, pamphlets and periodicals, constituting the largest library in the world. In the huge card catalogue of foreign books, I can find no "anti-Soviet" work. Inquiry reveals that the writings of Trotsky, Bukharin, Kamenev, Zinoviev and other victims of the Great Purge are on reserve, available freely to all professors and holders of doctor's degrees but accessible only by special permission to ordinary students and readers. Placards in stone on the street side of the Library memorialize Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Belinsky, Herzen, Chevchenko, Nekrasov, Chernyshevsky, Dobruliubov, Saltykov-Chedrin, Turgenev, Tolstoi, Mayakovsky and Gorky.

The Tomb, in stark brown marble, is the Holy of Holies. Here, deep down in a chilly crypt and awesomely lighted under glass panels so cleverly contrived as to be almost invisible, repose the mortal remains of The Two. Lenin, dead thirty-two years, looks waxy instead of alive as he did when I first beheld him in the original wooden tomb in 1928. Stalin, dead thre years, looks for-

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midably vigorous and quite unlike his heroized portraits and statues all over the land. His brownish hair is only lightly streaked with grey. His nose is curiously arched and bent. His mouth and chin seem, all at once, weak and hard and cruel.

What is most striking about this sepulchre is the enormous crowd of reverent worshippers. Every open day, rain or shine, they stand hour after hour piously in line, thousands strong and stretching in the longest queue on earth all along Red Square and far down the park along the northwestern Kremlin wall, eagerly awaiting a brief glimpse of The Two. A small army of militiamen guides the procession. Since no one speaks in the religious silence of this ritual, no outsider can gauge the sentiments of the faithful.

Many doubtless embrace the current "line": Lenin was beneficent genius incarnate; Stalin, albeit great, was a wicked tyrant. (In the elaborate Lenin Museum, across the square and around the corner from the huge *GUM* department store, Lenin and Stalin are still comrades, with no hint that Lenin ever knew a man named Trotsky.) Soviet citizens are well trained in dialectical materialism. But this mass devotion to two cadavers suggests that in this system of power, as in many others, men live not by bread alone but depend for faith on Miracle, Mystery and Authority.

Mr. Dooley Looks at '56 . . by BARNET BASKERVILLE

IT HAS been a long time now—too long, many of us think—since we have heard with any regularity from Mr. Martin Dooley, philosopher, iconoclast and political commentator extraordinary. There was a time, now unhappily beyond the memory of most Americans, when Mr. Dooley's column was grist for hundreds of thousands of daily conversations, and when, we are told, high government officials sometimes deferred important policy decisions until they could read what Mr. Dooley had to say about the matter. Those were the days of Teddy Roosevelt and trust-busting and muckraking, of Andrew Carnegie and George Pullman and Populism, of King Edward's coronation and the Dreyfus case and Manifest Destiny, of the malefactors of great wealth and their devoted servants, the politicos. And projected into this turbulent scene from behind the bar of a little saloon on Chicago's Archey Road came the periodic, anxiously awaited pronouncements of Martin Dooley—disarmingly good humored, but devastatingly effective. Genially he punctured the flatulent ego; casually—almost as if by accident—he pulled down curtains of pretentiousness, revealing the phony in high places and in low. Gently, sometimes not so gently, he censured bigotry, hypocrisy, cruelty, injustice.

Mr. Dooley has been missed. Every now and then a writer or speaker in discussing some matter of current interest will quote a neatly apposite Dooleyism, and remark that it is a pity the author himself is no longer around to give us the benefit of his reflections upon McCarthyism or desegregation or the spirit of Geneva or the crisis in education, or whatever. Not long ago, speaking for the small but loyal band of mid-century Dooleyites, one columnist sighed wistfully à la Wordsworth:

> Dooley! thou should'st be living at this hour;
> The U.S. hath need of thee; she is a fen
> Of stagnant waters . . .

The death in 1936 of Mr. Dooley's creator, the almost anonymous Finley Peter Dunne, obliterated all hopes of a resumption in our time of the penetrating social criticism which at the turn of the century Dooley imparted to his friend Mr. Hennessy, and beyond him to all "the Hennesseys of the world who suffer and are silent." Yet we need not despair altogether. For Dunne and Dooley have left behind, safely preserved between the covers of eight books and scattered prodigally through scores of old magazines and newspapers, a lifetime of philosophic utterances about America—her customs, her institutions and her people. Concurring in the judgment that the United States hath need of Dooley, we have winnowed what he might have called his "lithry remains" for comments made in another day which seem to have particular relevance to the political scene in America, 1956. Although selected and brought together from a commentary continuing over twenty-five years, the words are presented exactly as originally spoken. Here then is a posthumous interview with Mr. Dooley, who half a century ago was a potent social force even though he existed only in the imagination, and who today, existing only in the memory, may have an equally vivid reality.

"I mesilf, am ivry man," Dooley once observed. "All men are ME." Perhaps it is because of this that Mr. Dooley seems to speak to ivry age. Certainly, as the following colloquy will show, he speaks to ours.

Q. Mr. Dooley, as an experienced political observer and a student of many local and national elections, you are in a position to provide some valuable insights into this year's Presidential race. What do you think of the campaign so far?

A. I niver see a campaign open, as Hogan says, under more fav'rable or more disagreeable auspices. Scandal that wanst was resarved f'r th' mornin' iv iliction day is in full bloom at this minyit, an' th' bad language that we used to save up f'r October is now freely exchanged

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BARNET BASKERVILLE is associate professor of speech at the University of Oregon.

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whereiver thoughtful men gather togither.

Q. If we may judge by the public statements of their chief spokesmen, both parties have unshakable confidence that they will win.

A. They have. Th' dimmycrats have gr-reat confidence, th' raypublicans ar-re sure . . . Today th' dimmycrats will on'y concede Vermont, Maine, an' Pennsylvania to th' raypublicans, an' th' raypublicans concede Texas, Allybammy, an' Mississippi to th' dimmycrats. But it's arly yet. Wait awhile. Th' wurruk iv th' campaign has not begun . . . About th' middle iv October th' raypublican who concedes Texas to th' dimmycrats will be dhrummed out iv th' party as a thraitor, an' y'll hear that th' dimmycratic party in Maine is so cheered be th' prospects that his frinds can't keep him sober.

Q. You speak of politics as a game, as if it were something to be taken lightly. But aren't some political campaigns more like a moral crusade than a game?

A. As a people, we're th' greatest crusaders that iver was—f'r a short distance.

Q. What do you mean?

A. Th' throuble is th' crusade don't last after the first sprint. Th' crusaders drops out iv th' procission to take a dhrink or put a little money on th' ace an' be th' time th' end iv th' line iv march is reached th' boss crusader is alone in th' job an' his former followers is hurlin' bricks at him fr'm th' windows iv policy shops. Th' boss crusader always gets th' double cross.

Q. Mr. Dooley, you have had an opportunity to observe the evolution of party principles over a period of many years. I wonder, sir, if on the basis of this experience you would care to comment on present party alignments as you see them.

A. Years ago, manny years ago, they was a race between th' dimmycrats an' th' raypublicans f'r to see which shud have a choice iv principles. Th' dimmycrats lost . . . Th' raypublicans come up an' they choose th' "we commind" principles, an' they was nawthin' left f'r th' dimmycrats but th' "we denounce an' deplores."

"If Ye Find It Hard to Meet Illegent People in Washin'ton Ye Can Start an Investigation an' Sumr..on Anny Wan Y'd Like to Know"

—*From "Mr. Dooley," Boston* Sunday Globe, *May 25, 1924.*

Q. Could you be a little more specific? For example, could you predict what the party platforms will be like?

A. Th' dimmycrat platform this year will be wan sintince: "We pint with pride to th' rottenness iv th' raypublicans."

Q. Certainly you don't give the Democrats much of a chance to win with a platform like that?

A. [The Democratic Party] is niver so good as whin 'tis broke, whin rayspictable people speak iv it in whispers, an' whin it has no leaders an' on'y wan principle, to go in an' take it away fr'm th' other fellows. Something will turn up, ye bet . . . An annyhow they'se always wan ray iv light ahead. We're sure to have hard times. An' whin th' la-ads that ar-re baskin' in th' sunshine iv prosperity . . . finds that th' sunshine has been turned off an' their fellow-baskers has relieved thim iv what they had in th' dark, we'll take thim boys by th' hand an' say: "Come over with ye'er own kind. Th' raypublican party broke ye, but now that ye'er down we'll not turn a cold shoulder to ye. Come in an' we'll keep ye—broke."

Q. You will remember the Republicans' promise to wipe out graft and corruption and introduce sound business methods into the operation of the government. Do you think they have kept that pledge?

A. Ivry year, whin th' public conscience is aroused as it niver was befure, me frinds on th' palajeems iv our liberties an' records iv our crimes calls f'r business men to swab out our govermint with business

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methods. We must turn it over to pathrites who have made their pile in mercantile pursoots iv money wheriver they cud find it. We must injooce th' active, conscientious young usurers fr'm Wall Sthreet to take an inthrest in public affairs.

Q. Come now, Mr. Dooley. "Wall Street" used in that way is an emotionally loaded term—a "snarl-word." Are you implying that you object to running the government on a businesslike basis?

A. Whin a rayformer is ilicted he promises ye a business administhration. Some people want that but I don't . . . A reg'lar pollytician can't give away an alley without blushin', but a business man who is in pollytics jus' to see that th' civil sarvice law gets thurly enfoorced, will give Lincoln Park an' th' public libr'y to the beef thrust, charge an admission price to th' lake front an' make it a felony f'r annywan to buy stove polish outside iv his store, an' have it all put down to public improvemints with a pitcher iv him in th' cornerstone.

Q. This is 1956, Mr. Dooley; times have changed since the days of the "beef trust," as you call it. Today's business—

A. It seems to me that th' on'y thing to do is to keep pollyticians an' business men apart. They seem to have a bad infloonce on each other. Whiniver I see an aldherman an' a banker walkin' down th' sthreet together I know th' Recordin' Angel will have to ordher another bottle iv ink.

Q. Suppose we move on to what many observers feel will be the burning issue of the campaign, the predicament of the farmer.

A. D'ye know, I'd like to be a farmer.

Q. Oh? Is that so? That's a strange statement, coming from a lifetime city-dweller. Do you feel a need to get closer to nature?

A. No sir, th' raison I want to be a farmer is because I need sympathy an' pity an' I get none iv ayether. Ivry four years th' weary agariculturist is almost smothered be unthrained nurses. No wan iver sympathizes with me or pities me. No wan iver notices me pollytically. Ye don't see anny league formed f'r th' protiction iv th' down-throdden Dooley. Ye don't find anny candydate advocatin' that th' govermint buy me surpluses in tin cint seegars f'r fifteen cints a piece . . .

An' that's what happens to th' farmer betwen ilictions. Nobody bothers much about him . . . Whin there ain't enough food to go round he's well off; whin there's too much he's broke. Whin ivry man, woman, child, pig, canary bird, an' steer in th' counthry is passin' th' plate f'r a sicond helpin' an' there ain't no sicond helpin' he buys a new six-cylinder car an' puts in a radio that lets him hear a concert at th' Impeeryal Palace in Tokyo. Whin iverybody is stuffed with food he buys a sicond hand flivver an' goes back to th' phonygrraf.

Q. But the farmer is certainly getting his share of attention right now, is he not?

A. Iv coorse . . . ivry four years there's a rale intilligint movement to help th' lowly an' unforchint tiller iv th' soil. A number iv lawyers, pollyticians, iditors, insurance agents, an' publicity promoters gather togither. The farmer don't go to these assimblages. He's at wurruk. If a man come in that knew th' diff'rence between a silo an' a weanin' calf, they'd throw him out as a spy.

Says th' chairman iv th' gatherin': "We'll tell these loons that if they ilict us, all they'll have to do will be to back up a wagon load iv squashes in front iv th' sub-thresury, an' go off with a wagon load iv goold bars, that ivry citizen iv th' counthry will be required be law to consume a bar'l iv flour an' forty-five pork chops a week . . .

"So now, boys, on with th' overalls an' up with th' hayrake an' let our slogan be: 'A ton iv gold f'r a ton iv hay . . .'"

Q. And do you find similar efforts on the part of political candidates to improve the lot of the urban laborer?

A. Iv coorse . . . He's a groun-down too. Capital don't grind him down as much as it did. But he's ground down be th' farmer. An' in turn he grinds th' farmer down. The more the farmer gets f'r his projooce th' more th' tired mechanic has to pay f'r his meals. Th' more th' weary laborer at th' steel mills dhraws down f'r his occasional labor, th' more th' burdened listener-in on th' farm has to pay f'r his carburetor.

'Tis a fact that th' more th' American mechanic dhraws down ivry week th' more throubled his frinds ar-re about his onforchint position, th' more sunk he is in their eyes, an' th' more deetarmined they are to put him on his feet an' make a man iv him be havin' thimselves ilicted to good jobs.

Q. Mr. Dooley, the anti-segregation decisions of the Supreme Court make it likely that the so-called "race question" will be an issue in the campaign. Would you care to comment on this?

A. Me frinds down South . . . think a naygur ought to be improved slowly. Th' slower th' betther. I was r-readin' a speech be wan iv thim th' other day . . .

"Th' race question . . . can niver be settled until it is settled r-right. Th' r-right way to settle it is to lave it where it is. We give th' naygur ivry r-right guaranteed be th' Constichoocion. We permit him to vote, only demandin' that he shall prove that his father an' mother were white. We let him perform th' arjoos manyul labor iv our fair land. We bury him or gather him as soovinirs. What more can be asked? . . . In th' sunny Southland we bow to public opinyon, be it iver so noisy. Th' naygur question with us is a burnin' question, an' so it will always be. The Prisidint iv these United States mus' know that we will defind white supreemacy to th' last dhrop iv their blood.

Q. There are so many matters that we haven't even touched upon—taxes, foreign policy, the threat of the atom bomb, the—

A. Ivry time I read iv th' desthructive power iv modhern explosives col' chills chase each other up an' down me spine.

Q. Yes, it does present a terrifying prospect. But as I—

A. I can see in me mind th' day whin explosives'll be so explosive an' guns'll shoot so far that on'y

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th' folks that stay at home'll be kilt, an' life insurance agents'll be advisin' people to go into the ar-rmy.

Q. No one can fail to be impressed, Mr. Dooley, by your zest for politics. You seem to follow these political campaigns year after year with as much interest and enthusiasm as some of your countrymen follow the baseball games. Do you believe—

A. Th' two gr-eat American spoorts are a good deal alike—polyticks an' baseball. They're both played be pro-fissyonals, th' teams ar-re run be fellows that cudden't throw a base-ball or stuff a ballot-box to save their lives an' ar-re on'y intherested in countin' up th' gate re-ceipts, an' here ar-re we settin' out in th' sun on th' bleachin' boords, payin' our good money f'r th' spoort, hot an' uncomfortable but happy, injyin' ivry good play, hootin' evry bad wan, knowin' nawthin' about th' inside play an' not carin', but all jinin' in th' cry iv "Kill th' empire." They're both grand games.

DRUGS FOR THE MIND

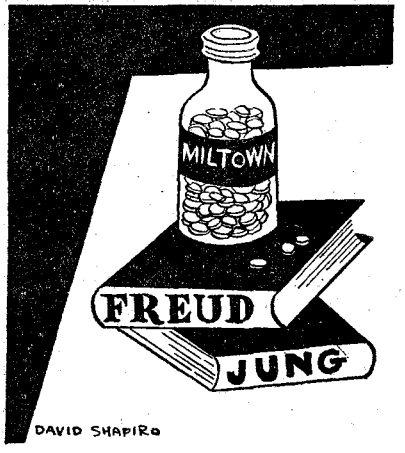
Evaluating the Tranquillizers . . by H. AZIMA

Montreal

IN THE last four years new pharmacological substances have appeared which, according to many leading newspapers and magazines, have "revolutionized" the whole field of mental illness. We are told that we now have psychiatric "aspirins" to tranquillize the mental aches of the patients (and the headaches of the doctors) and mental laxatives to purge people of their noxious spiritual alimentations. We are told that the jitters and the hiccups of mankind can now be stopped by a pill.

Unfortunately, psychiatry is unable to fulfill these expectations with any drug at the present time. As usual in matters of this kind, popular enthusiasm has outstripped the realities. Our hunger for the "spectacular," from sky-smashers to mind-tranquillizers, sometimes makes us see oceans in a pool and Himalayas in a hill. This enthusiasm is fortunate in that it engenders activity and further research; it is unfortunate in that it obscures truth.

What is the real position of these "new drugs" in the therapeutic armamentarium of mental disorders? If what follows should appear didactic in some parts, it is not due to the intention of the writer, but to the nature of the subject. A critical pedantry may be preferable sometimes to a vulgarized falsity.



I shall consider only four of the new drugs: two major ones, chlorpromazine and reserpine, and two of lesser importance, azacyclonol and meprobamate. Although all four have a tension-reducing, pyscholeptic (tranquillizing) capacity, they are entirely different chemically and are the result of different lines of research.

Chlorpromazine (Thorazine and Largactil are trade names; so is Sparine, a promazine) evolved from twenty years of research in the Rhone-Poulenc laboratories in Paris, aimed at finding a preventive and curative measure for the phenomena of Reilly (necrosis of adrenal glands; vascular, lymphatic and hemorrhagic lesions of gastero-intestinal tracts subsequent to the irritation of the sympathetic nervous system). The researches were made with phenothiazine derivatives which were found to be effective in the treatment of malaria and trypanosomiasis. It was noted that one of the derivatives, Promethiazine, with an anti-allergic property, also possessed a sedative effect. The discovery led to further study and in December, 1950, Charpentier synthesized a derivative under the laboratory name of 4560 R.P. (Rhone-Poulenc), which subsequently was introduced in European medical literature as Largactil. The drug was first used in anesthesia because it had the property of strengthening the effect of barbiturates. In 1952, Delay and Deniker, from the University of Paris, reported the first use of Largactil on mentally disturbed patients. In 1954, Lehman and Hanrahan, Azima and Ogle in Canada and Winkelman in the United States reported the psychiatric use of chlorpromazine in English medical literature.

The history of chlorpromazine has been outlined in some detail because the drug is still the most potent of the new tranquillizers, and also to underline the fact that its inception and its application were started and perfected by French investigators two years before its use on this side of the Atlantic.

Chemically, chlorpromazine is related to anti-histaminic substances used in the treatment of allergic conditions and Parkinsonism (shaking palsy). It moderately reduces blood pressure, lowers the metabolism and

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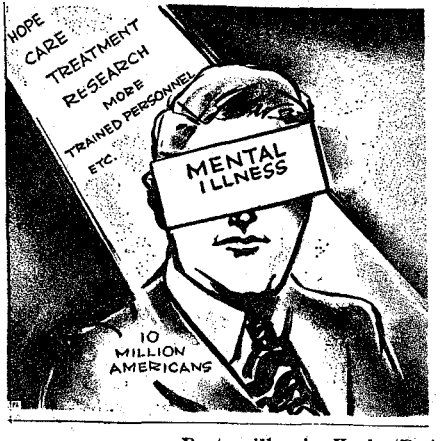
body temperature and prevents vomiting. In general, it has an inhibitory effect on the vegetative nervous system, affecting in particular the structures at the base of the brain.

The other major "new" tranquillizing drug, reserpine, is an alkaloid derived from the root of the plant *Rauwolfia Serpentina*. The root itself has been used for centuries in India for the treatment of nervous and other ailments. In the market places it was called Pagla-Ka-Dacra, meaning "insanity herb." But even in India the drug rested in medical oblivion until the late thirties, when the beneficial effects on mentally ill patients were first reported in a scientific journal by Sen and Bose. About ten years later, in 1943, Gupta and his collaborators described good results in a small number of varied mental diseases. This observation, however, did not reach the Western medical public until the studies of the blood-pressure reducing effect of the drug by Vakil in 1949 (England) and Wilkins in 1953 (United States) drew attention to its concurrent tranquillizing influence and brought to the fore the psychiatric observations by Gupta and his associates. In 1954, the alkaloid reserpine (Raused, Serpasil) was used on a relatively large scale by Klein and Noce in the United States.

Reserpine's action on blood pressure is similar to that of chlorpromazine but *less rapid* and *more sustained*. Its action on the central nervous system is inhibitory and consists of a reduction of the activity of the central sympathetic nervous system. The effects of both in phychiatric cases are also relatively similar, chlorpromazine having a more rapid influence. Their primary indications are all states of excitation, increase in tension and anxiety —particularly manic states and acute psychotic conditions associated with agitation and excitation. A considerable portion of the patients lose their excited behavior and become more manageable and accessible; a small number, particularly manic states, "recover" after relatively prolonged use without the aid of any other treatment.

Although in some instances there are dramatic responses, the effect of the drugs is by no means universal, constant and uniform. Also—and this is important—a distinction should be made between a manageable cooperative patient and one who is psychologically recovered. A quiet and tranquillized patient may be, from a psychological point of view, in much poorer condition than an agitated, aggressive and anxious one. The most glowing and "revolutionary" reports on the drugs have come from state hospitals; reports from "open" psychiatric institutes (where admissions and discharges are voluntary) and from private practice are much less enthusiastic. The difference in attitude may be viewed from several angles, the most important of which appear to be the patient population, the therapeutic setting and the level of the expected psychological recovery. In an open institute and in private practice, where excitation and behavioral disturbances are relatively mild or of recent origin and where the expectation of psychological recovery is relatively high, the goal is not ward management but changes in personality structure and basic symptomatology. In such settings small changes which might make a great difference in a closed, chronic hospital are not viewed as significant, are not taken as indicating recovery or improvement, and therefore do not provoke the enthusiasm comparable with that experienced by doctors who for years have been struggling with "agitated wards" and welcome any alleviation as "revolutionary."



Partymiller in York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily

All of us can help.

It should be pointed out that the disappearance of overt symptoms, when it occurs, is by no means equivalent to the disappearance of basic disease processes. There is a relatively general opinion that even in so-called "recovery" cases among psychotic patients the underlying disease process is not "cured." Schizophrenia, for example, cannot be "cured" by any amount of tranquillizing. The issue of overt symptoms as against the underlying disease is particularly evident in privately treated patients where the manifest disturbances are not very alarming, the individual is functioning in the community, and the problem resides in producing an alteration in the individual's personality structure in order to change his attitudes towards his inner and outer world.

ALMOST the only accepted indication for chlorpromazine and reserpine in neurosis is an anxiety state. From 30 to 60 per cent of the individuals suffering from anxiety states show a moderate response to these two drugs. The drugs are particularly useful for patients who for economical or other reasons cannot be treated with psychotherapy. However, the reduction of anxiety and tension usually lasts only as long as the drugs are administered.

There has been some speculation about drugs "replacing" psychotherapy or psychoanalysis in the treatment of neuroses. The tranquillizers are certainly useful for neurotic patients for whom psychotherapy or psychoanalysis is not feasible and who need some kind of immediate relief. But it must be emphasized that no known drug can replace or short-cut psychotherapy or psychoanalysis. In some instances, the reduction by tranquillizers of an overwhelming anxiety or excitation may facilitate psychotherapeutic exploration and reorganization; in other instances, however, such reduction may be actually detrimental to the progress of psychotherapy. Often a certain amount of anxiety is essential for the maintenance in the patient of *motivation* for ther-

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apy. Moreover, the emergence of anxiety during psychoanalysis is indicative of shifts in the psychic economy and defense systems; it should not be removed but analyzed. An additional hazard is that the drugs themselves may, on occasion, produce anxiety, tension and even psychotic reactions (particularly depressions, which are among the complications of reserpine therapy).

These limitations to the use of the new drugs in *neuroses* are less apparent in *psychoses,* where the lessening of agitation and unbearable tension facilitates the initiation of psychotherapy. Present studies indicate that the drugs may be beneficial in entirely different psychotic pictures, namely, very withdrawn and apparently deteriorated schizophrenics where the inability to contact is due to an intense internal anxiety. By decreasing this inner terror with the drugs, a return of contact and patient-therapist relationship may become possible.

The tranquillizing capacity of chlorpromazine and reserpine has considerably diminished the need for electrical shock in "unmanageable" cases. In many centers, the insulin-coma treatment has been abandoned entirely (the results of this treatment in schizophrenia are so equivocal that not much encouragement was needed for its abandonment). However, electric shock still remains the major somatic treatment of depressions; and even in manic states electric shock is often necessary in combination with drugs, which affect the motor sphere controlling physical, but not ideational, activities.

THERE is growing evidence to indicate the importance of the *selection* of cases which will respond favorably to these drugs. Little is yet known about their definite use in "minor psychoses" and neuroses, perhaps because too little attention has been paid to their influence on the psychodynamic structure of personality.

True psychopharmacology begins where, according to Freudian intuition, we can determine the changes in the psychological structure of the personality brought about by drugs and use that knowledge in psychological exploration and treatment. Such studies are under way at McGill University at present. An example may illustrate this. We know that these drugs, particularly chlorpromazine, produce a kind of blunting of experience, a split in the ego system where the perceptions lose their sense of "self-belongingness" and the patient's ego seems at a distance from what is happening to the organism. This kind of psychological state is, from a humanistic point of view, certainly beneficial for patients who harbor incurable diseases such as cancer.

A WIDE variety of untoward effects accompany the use of both chlorpromazine and reserpine. This fact, plus the problem of careful selection of patients, necessitates considerable caution in their use. Chlorpromazine can provoke undue drowsiness, dizziness, collapse, dryness of the mouth, fever, dermatitis and varieties of transistory allergic conditions, occasional blood dyscresias, Parkinsonism (shaking palsy), and particularly liver damage and jaundice. Reserpine may activate gastero-intestinal disorders, may produce fever, chills, dizziness, stuffiness of the nose, weakness and (particularly) depression. There has been speculation by some ill-informed public authorities about the non-prescribed mass use of these drugs. But the complications I have described definitely militate against such use.

Azacyclonal (Frenquel) has turned out to be the least promising of the new psycholeptic drugs. When first reported, it was thought to produce a kind of tranquillization of acute psychoses, yet without "depressing" by blocking the correlated psychophysiological events. The drug has no effect on blood pressure and produces no change in the visceral or central vegetative nervous system. But after the first enthusiastic report (Fabing, 1955) subsequent studies have been quite disappointing. Its only use would appear to be in acute hallucinatory states, and even in this very limited area its efficacy seems doubtful. However, some dramatic responses achieved with the drug warrant further inquiry. Incidentally, the sudden rise and fall of hopes for this drug is a good example of the necessity for scientific sobriety and the detrimental effect of precocious advertising.

Meprobamate (Miltown, Equanil) is the newest of the emerging tranquillizers and has become the best known because of the especial attention bestowed upon it by some "neurotic" quarters in Hollywood. From the physiological point of view, meprobamate apparently blocks the inter-neuronal connections and has a special muscle-relaxing capacity. It has few, if any, peripheral or autonomic nervous-system effects and shows very little side reaction such as fever, drowsiness or allergic manifestations. Its effectiveness is much lower but more uniform than chlorpromazine and reserpine. Present studies indicate that the drug has almost no effect on psychotic reactions; its major influence appears to be in the direction of a moderate reduction of anxiety and tension in neurotic states and in some regulation of the sleep pattern. Producing no addiction, it is useful in reorganizing some disordered sleep patterns and may permit the cessation or reduction of the use of barbiturates. Its muscle-tension reducing action makes it useful in the treatment of some headaches related to muscular spasm.

Meprobamate, chlorpromazine and reserpine are all useful in the treatment of alcoholic addiction. In withdrawal stages they usually control anxiety, restlessness, jitters, etc., and allow a smoother rehabilitation. Because they do not produce addiction, they can be used for a relatively long time without inducing the psychophysiological dependency which occurs with barbiturates and other sedatives. The effect of chlorpromazine on delirium tremens is more dramatic than that of other drugs.

To summarize, it can be seen that the most promising of the new drugs have a relatively wide variety of application. However, it can definitely be stated that they have no effect on the primary cause of any psychopathological state. They are symptomatic medications which may—and often do not—arrest the evolution of *some* psychopathological sequence

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of events within a particular psychiatric syndrome, or in relation to other disorders which bring about mental alteration. The drugs are by no means a "replacement" or "substitute" for psychotherapy and they offer no short cut to psychoanalysis of neurotic disorders. Their major area of usefulness appears to be in mental hospitals where the point of emphasis is on ward management, where the rate of psychological recovery is low and moderate changes in unmanageable and excited patients have a significant influence on the "atmosphere" of the hospital setting.

Further investigations are necessary to determine how the drugs affect the psychodynamic structure of personality and how they may be used in a psychotherapeutic setting to influence these structures. This period, which we may call the period of psychopharmacology, calls for renewed attention to the possibility of altering the organic substrata of the mind in order to change its psychological strata; but it is far from pointing to the "penicillin era" of psychiatry. Great caution must be entertained in preventing enthusiasm from clouding the clarity of non-partisan, scientific attitudes.

WATERS of JORDAN

Border Conflict . . by DAN WAKEFIELD

B'not Yaacov, Israel

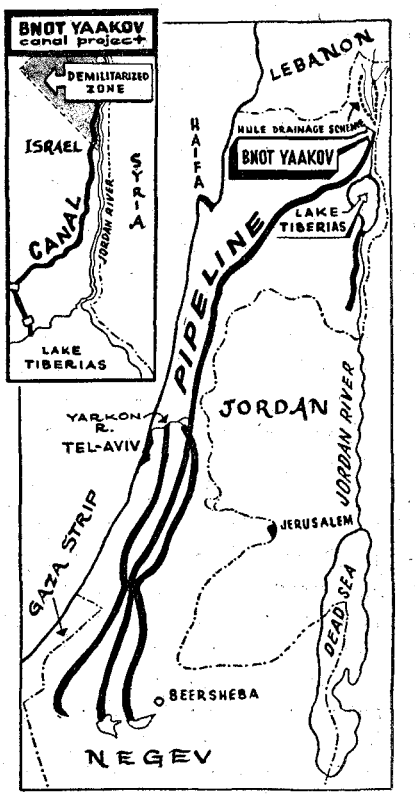
THE LAST recorded pilgrim who looked over Jordan and saw a band of angels was the author of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." The current view from the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, where Israel has halted work on the Jordan River diversion canal, reveals a band of Syrian soldiers who keep a constant watch for what may well be the most prophetic sign in the Middle East in the last seven years: the appearance of an Israel shovel. When it finally comes — as it finally must — Israel will get water or war.

Resumption of the digging that was stopped three years ago due to Syrian protest is now the most dangerous question mark haunting the shaky state of truce between Israel and the Arab nations. In his recent mission to the Middle East, U. N. chief Dag Hammarskjold was unable to get any guarantee from Israel that she would not go ahead with the project; or any assurance from the Arab nations that they would not oppose it with war. Unable to resolve the problem, Hammarskjold attempted to give it a diplomatic nudge into the future by discouraging resumption of the work with the caution that it would put "undue strain" on the border situation.

Word from each camp after Hammarskjold had left made it clear that neither side had scrapped its former approach to the digging. Damascus announced in late May that resumption would "bring a swift Arab reaction"—a reaction described many times before as armed opposition, and backed up by Nasser's assurance this spring that it would mean an Israel-Arab war. Several weeks before the Syrian announcement, former Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett had reaffirmed Israel's stand: "There has never been any date fixed for resumption of work. But we would certainly not like to lose yet another season in carrying out this vital project a stage further. We have already lost three seasons and patience has its limits."

SO DOES Israel's water supply — and there is the heart of the matter. The nation's program for water development is necessary for its economic survival. The Jordan River diversion canal is the key factor in the whole program. For nearly three years now, the Arabs have managed to block its completion.

The waiting game began in September of 1953, when Syria protested Israel's work on the B'not Yaacov canal which originates in and runs for one and a half miles of its twenty-five-mile course through the demilitarized zone created by the Israel-Syrian armistice agreement of 1949. The canal would divert about half the annual flow of the Jordan River water (without changing the present course of the river) at a point just south of Lake Huleh near B'not Yaacov Bridge. The water would be channeled to a power plant at Lake Tiberias, where it would generate electricity as it flowed into the lake. From there it would be taken out again and fed back via the canal to the Negev desert in the South.



Nation Map by Weiss

Israel's Water Plan

Syria complained that work on the canal was a violation of the '49 armistice agreement which created the demilitarized zone. When the armistice was signed, Syrian troops

DAN WAKEFIELD, now on an extended visit to Israel, has been writing a series on the social and political problems faced by that small country.

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held the disputed area and claimed equal rights over the land under demilitarization. Secondly, Syria claimed that diversion of the water would violate the rights of civilian landholders east of the Jordan River, resulting in the stoppages of nine mills belonging to Arab landholders and interrupting irrigation of the "Butheia lands," an area of 4,500 acres.

Israel's guarantees to keep these areas supplied with the same amount of water heretofore available didn't change the Syrian attitude. What really bothered Syria was that part of the Jordan water would be channeled down to the Negev, meaning a revolution in settlement and agricultural possibilities in Israel. In Syria's eyes it was bad enough that Israel would get the water at all; the fact that she could use it to strengthen an almost empty section of her territory was doubly frightening.

In view of the protests, General Bennikie, then chief of staff of the U.N. Truce Supervisory Organization, requested Israel to stop work until the Security Council decided the question. In January of 1954, the Council voted on a careful resolution authorizing the chief of staff to attempt to solve the dispute in a way satisfactory to all concerned—an implication which made the resolution unacceptable to the Arabs. Russia carried their cause by vetoing the resolution, though it got a majority vote of 7-2.

Soon afterwards the Israel cabinet stated that it took the failure of the passage of any resolution on the matter to indicate the failure of the Syrian protest. It stands on that position today.

BUT WHILE the row was going on over the canal, a new and hopeful approach to the whole question of water in the Middle East had been launched in the person of Eric Johnston, special representative of President Eisenhower who had been given ambassadorial rank as a kind of "water missionary." The plan he carried to the Middle East for regional use of the Jordan waters had been devised by American TVA authorities at the request of the U.N.

The idea of a "TVA on the Jordan," providing work and food for idle refugees, was music to a U.N. that was supporting the 800,000 homeless Arabs—and to a U.S. Congress that was chipping in with 70 per cent of the bill. Beyond that, regional use of the water might lead to Israel-Arab cooperation and a final end to the threat of war between them.

As it turned out, American interest in the plan was the only thing that enabled Johnston to get his foot in the Arab door. His trip was badly timed—it coincided with the Israel reprisal attack on the Arab village of Kibya. At the moment, the notion of cooperating with Israel on anything was as welcome as the plague in Arab capitals.

Israel, too, had reservations about the Johnston plan. She had already started her own water project, worked out by several teams of visiting engineering experts; the Johnston plan would mean revisions which would reduce the amount of Jordan water she had figured to get from her own scheme. Sharett pointed out that Israel, having vainly offered to work with her neighbors on a regional water plan, felt free to go ahead on her own.

BUT THERE was also good reason for Israel to leave the door open for the Johnston plan. What she might lose in water she stood to gain in the tremendous political advantages that a regional scheme might bring about. It could mean the first step in breaking down the Arabs' refusal to recognize the state of Israel and eventually lead to a crack in the damaging economic boycott carried out by the Arabs ever since Israel's birth. These very reasons, however, made it seem unlikely to Israel that the Arabs would ever come around to accepting the plan.

When Johnston left the Middle East in the fall of 1953, he had achieved as much as seemed possible under the circumstances—guarantees from all the parties concerned that they would consider the plan and make counter-proposals to it.

Even this much had revolutionary overtones. It led, in fact, to the first Arab plan that has ever included cooperation with the state of Israel—even on paper. The fact that it never got beyond paper doesn't completely destroy the minor miracle created when Nasser appointed an Egyptian engineer to work out a joint water scheme for Jordan, Syria, Lebanon and Israel—and the willingness of all of those nations to work on the plan and try to make it mutually acceptable.

Though Egypt was not directly involved, Johnston had consulted with Nasser and asked him to take the lead, as leader of the Arab world, in pushing an Arab proposal for the vital Jordan water plan. Israel offered her own counter-proposal. Equipped with this tangible material from both sides, Johnston set out again to the Middle East in June of 1954 with hopes of finding a satisfactory compromise.

THIS TRIP, and the two that followed it in the spring and fall of 1955, make the nerve-wracking tale of Johnston's Progress. Johnston himself seemed to view it in terms of a football game. At the end of his third trip, in February of 1955, he came home to tell reporters that "the ten-yard line" had been reached; when he got back from the fourth trip last fall, he removed his helmet, wiped his brow and assured the world that the plan's adoption was now on "the one-inch line." He added, then, that he realized this might be a very big inch indeed. It was.

Both sides had made considerable concessions and finally come to an agreement. All the technical arguments had been resolved, and the only thing blocking the way was the political consideration—which was mammoth. Final adoption by the Arab nations would mean that they had, in fact, taken the first step toward abandoning their strict policy of non-cooperation with Israel, and begun to work along with her as a neighboring state. In the very shadow of their own goal, the Arabs decided to hold that line.

The decision was partially dictated by home politics. Syria was the first to balk. The unsteady government in power realized that to

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accept the scheme—which was, after all, opposed to the whole fabric of its outward professions and policies—would mean instant political death. The cabinet postponed adoption of the plan and saved its own skin.

In Jordan, the news of Syria's balk was almost as bad as it was for Israel. The regional water scheme would mean that 150,000 of Jordan's 500,000 refugees could become self-supporting, and the value of its crops could rise from the present $5,000,000 a year to nearly $45,000,000. The tiny kingdom, which survives on artificial respiration from an annual British grant of £13,000,000, couldn't hope to undertake the development of Jordan River water on her own. The United States had promised to contribute two-thirds of the total $200 million cost of the Johnston plan, which offered the only means for Jordan to develop her own water system to full capacity. But the Arabs had to work on a unified front; with Syria holding back, it was impossible for Jordan to proceed.

That was last fall, and the big inch to final agreement looks bigger all the time. The reasoning that made Syria balk the first time holds her in the same position. As recently as June another cabinet was dissolved; it took two weeks, several failures and much maneuvering to form a new one. The internal stability Syria needs to make such a revolutionary move as adoption of the water plan seems a long way off.

IT IS probably too far off for Israel to wait on it. The continued flow of immigration has raised the country's population from approximately 750,000 in 1948 to the current total of 1,789,000. Water has become more vital than ever. Israel might survive the war that she would risk by resuming work on the diversion canal. But leading water authorities say she could not survive the dry future without the water from the Jordan River. And the problem is not a comfortably long-term matter. Early this May, Abel Wolman, professor of sanitary engineering at Johns Hopkins and chairman of the Board of Consultants of Irrigation Development in Israel, announced in the fourth and final report his board has made in the past seven years that, from a purely engineering standpoint, work on the diversion canal should begin immediately. He gave six months as the longest possible time that the work could be delayed without resulting in serious depletion of Israel's underground water supply, which, at the present rapid rate of use, will be ruined by salt-water seepage from the sea unless replenished by fresh water.

But it is difficult to mark out a definite deadline. According to engineers of Tahal, Israel's water-planning company, the lack of Jordan River water has already caused damage which continues with each passing week, and the government is left with the problem of deciding when the water scarcity is great enough to risk a war in order to relieve it.

The nation's groundwater supply will be tapped to the maximum in ten years. By then the Jordan River water will be a clear necessity. But by waiting that long the country will have lost valuable supplies that could have been saved by the use of Jordan water in the meantime. Delay would also hold up Israel's master water plan, of which the canal that begins at B'not Yaacov is the key feature. Tahal engineers estimate that all the work that can be done without completing the diversion canal will be finished in four to five years at the latest. At that point the full operation of the whole system will depend on digging the one-and-one-half-mile stretch of canal in the demilitarized zone. But again, waiting the four or five years until the rest of the system is finished means losing underground water stores that could be saved by earlier use of the Jordan River.

Since the founding of the state in 1947, Israel has already gone a long way in developing her water resources—mainly by work on the Yarkon River, which now has a pipeline running to the Negev; and by drainage of the malarial Huleh swamps, which have been transformed into agricultural land and a lake that feeds water into the Jordan River. By developing these resources, plus the use of dams, reservoirs, underground water and flood water, Israel has doubled her area of cultivated land and tripled the area of irrigated land in nine years.

Completion of the diversion canal will mean the possibility of extensive irrigation and settlement in the Negev, the semi-desert which makes up more than half of Israel's territory; and which must be settled if large-scale immigration is to continue and if the area is to be permanently strengthened against attack. In May, Finance Minister Levi Eshkol announced plans for the settlement of 5,000 new families there. Such development will require the water from the Jordan River.

In addition to water, the diversion canal will mean power. The power plant at Lake Tiberias would provide 170,000 kilowatt hours of electricity yearly from the flow of the B'not Yaacov canal to the Lake, saving Israel 70,000 tons of imported fuel annually.

ISRAEL'S national water works are based on the agreements of the final Johnston plan; the percentage of Jordan River water she would take in the diversion scheme is exactly that assigned to her in the Johnston figures—40 per cent. The three Arab countries would get 60 per cent under the implementation of the full scheme. This means that any time the Arab countries decided to put the Johnston scheme into action, it could go according to plan from the standpoint of Israel's role in the whole picture. All that is needed is the final move across the big "one-inch line."

In the meantime, the band of Syrian soldiers sits on the opposite bank of the Jordan and awaits the moment when Israel finally begins to dig. It is hard to walk down to the western side of the Bridge of the Daughters of Jacob, even with the required police escort, and escape an uncomfortable feeling when you look across at the Syrian soldiers who are watching every step you take. This visitor, for one, would not like to be the first man who appears on the scene with a shovel.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Revolution, Reform and War

THE SECOND INTERNATIONAL, 1889-1914. Being Volume III, Part I of A History of Socialist Thought. By G. D. H. Cole. St. Martin's Press. Two volumes; $16.

By Keith Hutchison

THE TITLE of this volume, Cole says in his introduction, is the best he could find; but it is not "really satisfactory" since "it puts all the emphasis on the Parties which made up the International, to the exclusion of the Trade Unions and other elements which go to the making up of the whole working-class movement." Moreover, only the first two chapters are devoted to the International itself: the bulk of the book consists of a country-by-country survey of socialist development in the twenty-five years preceding World War I.

For that matter, the title chosen for the whole of *A History of Socialist Thought* hardly does justice to its scope. Concerned with Socialist action as well as Socialist thought, it is little less than a world history of the labor movement since 1789. For this breadth we can be thankful. Two or three thousand pages of undiluted Socialist theory would be hard to take. But Cole, while paying full heed to the ideas, is equally interested in reporting their historical consequences.

Although Cole has been a participant in the Socialist movement, he maintains a fair degree of detachment as its historian. Now and again we glimpse the pluralism which inspired his Guild Socialism, or an indication of his preference for industrial as opposed to political action. But the main issue of the pre-1914 period—Revolution versus Reform—he approaches with an admirable objectivity which may reflect the fact that, while his heart is revolutionary, his head is reformist.

The era of the Second International was one of hope and progress for the Socialist movement. Many of its national segments grew rapidly; an influential press was established; in a number of countries Socialism won a strong parliamentary position. Trade unionism, usually linked to political Socialism, was also growing. It was a period of great strikes which in some cases were for political rather than industrial ends. They provoked strong countermeasures by both employers and state authorities and frequently erupted into violence. Capitalism was alarmed by the Socialist challenge but not yet ready to compromise; when it fought back savagely, class consciousness was heightened on both sides. Ardent Socialists took this as a sign that the tide was with them: in the not-so-long run the mass strength of the aroused workers must prove irresistible.

THE First International had been burst asunder in 1872 by the irreconcilable conflict between the Socialist followers of Marx and the Anarchist adherents of Bakunin. This feud was not ended in 1889 when the Paris Congress of Marxists reconstituted the International, but it took different forms as Anarchism, in Cole's phrase, was "reincarnated as what came to be called Revolutionary Syndicalism, later simply Syndicalism." Up to 1914, despite many sharp controversies, revolutionaries and reformists worked together within the International.

The line between them, Cole points out, was not clear cut. The only countries which enjoyed both a wide franchise and fully responsible parliamentary government, thus providing an opportunity for the introduction of socialism by constitutional means, were those in the western fringe of Europe, the British Dominions and the United States. Russian Socialists, whatever their internal divisions, were revolutionaries willy-nilly. In the central empires a wide franchise had been won but the regimes remained basically autocratic; Austrian Socialists had to face the possibility of revolution as a prelude to full democracy.

Nevertheless, the seeds of the break which was to come after 1917, when the Bolsheviks organized their Eastern Church and claimed universal authority for its dogmas, were present in the debates of the Second International. For the western parties, even when revolutionary in theory, tended to be reformist in practice. Concerned with building parliamentary strength, they had to give attention to day-to-day bread-and-butter questions that appealed to mass electorates. "Parliamentary Socialist Parties," Cole notes, "find themselves, where these conditions exist, impelled irresistibly toward the development of the 'Welfare State' rather than toward outright social revolution."

As practical considerations began to influence strategy, so in the light of current events Socialist theorists began not merely to re-interpret Marx but to revise him. In Britain, from the start, the socialist movement was almost purely pragmatic. It derived emotional support from such evangelical works as Robert Blatchford's *Merrie England,* while for theory it largely depended on Sidney Webb's "comprehensive philosophy of Socialism based not on Marx, but on a blend of Benthamite Utilitarianism as reinterpreted by John Stuart Mill, Darwinian Evolutionism, and Jevonian Economics, with a Materialist Conception of History scientifically degutted of its revolutionary parts."

On the surface the approach of the German Socialist Democrats—by far the largest and best organized socialist party of the day—was very different. Their formal adherence to the pure milk of Marxian orthodoxy can be illustrated by their

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official attitude to the agrarian problem. The Marx-Engels line was that the independent peasant was doomed: agriculture was destined to be taken over by large-scale scientific enterprises and the small farmer reduced to proletarian status. This, like the concentration of industry, was a necessary stage in the ripening of capitalism to a state of rottenness. Therefore, Karl Kautsky argued, there was no point in rural reforms which might help the peasants to survive. On the contrary, Socialists should welcome their decline as part of the "increasing misery" which was to herald the final crisis of capitalism.

BUT THIS stand was contested by Social Democrats in southern Germany who were angling for peasant support; it was attacked by the revisionist writer, Eduard Bernstein, who pointed out that small-holders were obstinately refusing to be proletarianized and were, in fact, growing in numbers in many parts of Europe. Bernstein went on to question the inevitability of "increasing misery" along with many other Marxian dicta. He urged, therefore, that Social Democrats abandon their policy of postponing constructive reform until after the revolution. If they were to retain the support of the workers, their objective should be rather to wring from capitalism every possible means of bettering conditions.

Bernstein's "heresies" were rejected by a majority of his party. But, although censured, he was not expelled and German Social Democracy continued to move in practice in a revisionist direction.

Why, asks Cole, did German Socialists fall "between the two stools of Marxism and Revisionism?"

> It was, I think, largely because the German Reich, under Prussian leadership, had made itself the symbol of national unity and greatness in a form which they could neither accept nor whole-heartedly oppose. They could not accept it because it was autocratic, half-feudal, militaristic, and hostile to all their social aims. But equally they could not quite reject it, because it embodied their desire for national unity and their taste for coordinated power.

It was not only in Germany that Socialism was conditioned by national tradition or, when it came to the pinch of war, hamstrung by nationalist emotions. Yet, if there was any subject on which something like unanimity prevailed in the International between 1900 and 1914, it was anti-militarism. The Paris Congress of 1900 adopted by acclamation a resolution calling on its constituent parties for a continuous struggle against militarism. At Stuttgrat in 1907 another resolution not only demanded every possible action to prevent war but added that, should it nevertheless occur, the organized workers must take whatever steps were necessary to end it, while seizing the occasion to bring about the fall of capitalism. This revolutionary proposal was also adopted enthusiastically; but there was sharp opposition then, and later, to suggestions for an international general strike at the threat of war.

So the International's anti-war policy remained toothless. Yet had it issued a general strike call in 1914, it is doubtful whether the trade unions in any country would have paid much heed. For nationalism proved in the event far more potent than internationalism and at the call to arms the masses forsook the Red Flag and rallied to their national banners.

As an international movement, socialism has never recovered from its disintegration in 1914. Why this was so will be part of the theme of the next volume of this history which Cole undertakes to write "if I live." We must all wish him the health and strength to complete his great task.

In Search of Enemies

IN SEARCH OF HERESY. By John W. Aldridge. McGraw-Hill. $4.

By Charles Shapiro

THE LITERARY iconoclast who feels compelled to shake his fist at the world has a rough time of it today, for as John Aldridge observes in his new collection of essays, our democracy "in its current form gives . . . neither a dogma which might provide a basis for heretical action nor an opportunity to discover and choose a politics or faith or way of life which would represent a heresy of democracy."

Aldridge sees our typical young writer stranded without a soapbox, sapping his energies in a comfortable universe bounded by blue books and faculty meeting, cheerfully losing his integrity by shaping his talent into forms acceptable to the editors of literary quarterlies. Bemoaning this sellout, Aldridge feels a responsible writer must assume "a life dedicated wholly to the values of creative production, not to the manufactured and institutionalized equivalents of those values." It is at this point, where Aldridge joins in the writer-in-the-university squabble, that we most clearly see the dilemma of the heretic blasting away to an audience conditioned to a happy, mass obedience. The enemy is hard to locate, for he is everywhere, he is part of ourselves, educating our children and grinning at us from the cover of *Time* magazine.

Not too long ago the issues were clear cut. In rowdier days H. L. Mencken, Burton Rascoe, and other assorted literary loudmouths would periodically administer, with great relish, deserved lambastings to college pedants specializing in the virgin field of American Letters. These attacks were often as unfair as they were vital, and the scholastics were able to roll with the blows, surviving and spawning little followers who continue to clutter up the pages of ridiculous journals and the minds of even more ridiculous students. Mencken damned English teachers as a colony of "grave and glittering fish," and speaking of the young Van Wyck Brooks, his highest compliment was to note how he differed from the reigning professors "by the

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simple circumstance that he has information and sense."

Times have changed with a vengeance, and Aldridge sees the surrender of the writer to the security of university life as symptomatic of the whole present generation of American writers who succumb to, rather than escape from the dullness of their gray flannel environment. This is a disaster for American letters, he believes, and we are reminded of Louis Kronenberger's remark that members of the younger generation, no longer sensitive or cocky, don't sell out at forty, "they sign up at twenty-two."

Unfortunately, though he is properly concerned for the American writer, Aldridge, in his university chapter as well as in other essays, often swings wildly, setting up and knocking down a collection of enemies, some of whom are straw men, many of whom have already been stomped to death. There are some writers, especially poets and critics, whose talents conceivably flourish best in a collegiate atmosphere, and Saul Bellow, Herbert Gold, and Bernard Malumed are novelists who have been able to write meaningful, perceptive critiques of our society from their positions in the academic world. The sellout does not come from how you support your family, it comes from your attitude toward life and toward yourself. As the hero of Gold's new novel cries out, "There is a good and with it way to be not with it too."

ALDRIDGE also overstates and misstates his case against the literary magazines. He pictures the editors as partners in a campaign to stereotype American writing, documenting his charges by showing that most of the winners of literary awards are from academies. Yet within these magazines one finds a healthy eclecticism, though there is a distressing repetition of contributors. While Leslie Fiedler is exhuming a work of art in a frantic search for mythosexuals, R. P. Blackmur is scavengering for far different game. I doubt whether Philip Rahv and Alan Tate see eye to eye on poetry or politics, and certainly Cleanth Brooks and Alfred Kazin approach their typewriters with differing biases.

Aldridge accuses the quarterlies of ignoring some of our most talented writers, yet some of the pariahs he lists have yet to prove that their books belong anywhere except on a drugstore rack snuggled next to the outpourings of Caldwell, Spillane and Wouk. Chandler Brossard, Calder Willingham and Gore Vidal, three whom Aldridge feels suffer neglect, are guilty of pandering to the neglected lusts of our conformist America. Unlike such fine novelists as Algren and Mailer, they exploit rather than explore the paradoxes of sex-violence in a subdued, agreeable society. There is no reason why a responsible literary periodical should feel compelled to publish writers whose material is centered on a soft base of fraud. They have a ready-made public, populated by the folk Aldridge correctly sees as the enemies of literature.

In Search of Heresy is subtitled "American Literature in an Age of Conformity" and it is a pity that Aldridge did not spend more space and energy on literature, for he proves to be a perceptive and stimulating critic. Brief studies of Hemingway and Riesman are quite instructive; even when dealing with such a minor novelist as Ira Wolfert, Aldridge shows a concern and understanding for the dramatic meaning of fiction. Two essays are especially sharp. In "The Society of Three Novels" Aldridge discusses the limitations of Salinger, Bellow and Styron, novelists who deal with "problems of value and belief peculiar to this society," novels which "represent . . . an approach to the problem of dramatizing value and belief through the notation of social manners." And while Aldridge is dead wrong in his unoriginal opinion that the only new vitality brought to the post-war novel has been from the South (the best novels of past months: *The Man Who Was Not With It*, *The Deer Park* and *Sideman* all are born out of smoke and neon rather than magnolias); he does a splendid job of grabbing at the center of a work. In a chapter on "The Heresy of Literary Manners," after wasting pages in a bumptious attack on Delmore Schwartz, Aldridge gives us a discerning discussion of the role of "manners" in the novel, drawing apt material from Flaubert, Dostoevski, Ford, Proust.

Aldridge's bold and often brilliant talent makes him a stimulating critic, and while he does become ridiculous, as in crushingly unfair attacks on James T. Farrell and Malcolm Cowley, his insights stem from a concern with the fate of our literature. In this cause it is more desirable to batter too many enemies than too few.

THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE SECOND summer at Stratford, Connecticut, will be remembered as the season when the stage designers for the American Shakespeare Festival learned to use its remarkable theatre. This is not said to slight the considerable dramatic achievement of John Houseman, the 1956 director, Jack Landau, his associate, or the acting company—and indeed they have taken brilliant advantage of the environment provided for them. But it has been evident from the moment when the Stratford blueprints were first published that a stage of such size and opportunity would have to be understood as one of the active elements in any production housed there.

You cannot build a production and move it onto such a stage, using the playing volume as neutral space. That was the mistake made in the first season, with the result that the space loomed around the sets, the actors huddled in a world seeming too large for them and the traffic of dramatic movement was mazed by the seductive license of a stage whose three dimensions are everywhere penetrable.

In the second season, while the

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level of performance has taken a large step up, the physical spectacle seems to have been solved at one stride. This is not the only way to mount Shakespeare, but it is a noble way and one that uses in full the great resources of the Festival Theatre. Rouben Ter-Arutunian is responsible for the scenery and costumes, Jean Rosenthal for the lighting and stage production. Together they have enlisted the unwonted space and freedom as allies and produced a vision that is not only heartlifting in itself but urges the importance of whatever takes place within it.

THE genius of the setting is that it is entirely simple and completely encompassing. The raked floor of the stage extends at least as far forward of the proscenium as there is depth behind it. There is a broad, easy stair from below stage at the front of the apron and at stage center a trap, also large and of easy access, down which a whole troop can on occasion plunge at full tilt. The three sides of the stage back of the proscenium are framed to immense height and width by horizontal slats of neutral wood hung in a large number of panels and in two or more ranks deep. These panels can be raised or lowered individually in almost numberless combinations to suggest gates, doors, chambers, passageways of whatever importance; segments high in them can be swung up to evoke battlements or the windows of a ribald house (in the present instances; the allusive possibilities are infinite). The introduction of a few vertical bars creates a prison; chandeliers and a green baize table evoke an apartment of state; two stands flanking left and right produce a ceremonial avenue. Light can come from behind the slats, diffused; it can hit against them or glance across them, and the wood offers a warm or forbidding surface as the color and quality of the light determine.

The walls can seem solid barriers or yielding curtains; they can be dappled with shadow as is the world outdoors. Changes of scene take place as it were instantaneously and the swift geometry of the evolutions contributes to the dramatic urgency.

Though these slatted walls are tall and frame a huge space, they do not give the eye any units for measurement, and they offer a background against which the actors, when it is useful, can appear in stereoscopic perspective. The result is that the performers are close without being intimate; they stand large and can move with large, carrying gestures. It is a marvelously sensitive setting but so empty that whatever moves onto it is instantly endowed with great moment.

Against this spare framework and with so little furniture that a box becomes a point of focus and a plywood throne an indelible impression, Mr. Ter-Arutunian has designed costumes that bear rich and oversize detail. His colors bite and his haberdashery—civil, military, royal or bureaucratic—is both bold and a little strange. This also throws attention where it belongs—on the players.

What has been invented at Stratford this summer is not the only solution that will—or should—be made to the challenge of the theatre there, but it contains the secret to any successful solution—it takes advantage of size and avoids the traps of scale.

Houseman, meanwhile, has profited from this superb frame to stage *King John* and *Measure for Measure* (*The Taming of the Shrew* will open on August 5) as strong and driving entertainment. On paper, these two are not among Shakespeare's most inviting dramas, but in these productions they play their heads off. I have no doubt that more subtle, reflective, even minatory interpretations of the texts can be imagined. Indeed, *Measure for Measure*, as dark a play as a comedy can well be, is here set in nineteenth century Vienna and played as though to a waltz (with snatches of absurdly appropriate music by Virgil Thomson abetting it). And *King John*, in which honor and virtue are at rare premium, emerges as a conflict among men who are rather headstrong than without scruple. That is all right—no one seeking to demonstrate the deep perspective of Shakespeare's moral landscape, or the lyric passion of his imagination, would try to make a case from these plays. As Houseman offers them they seem vital and basic (which they are) and consistently motivated and resolved (which they are not). And as he presents them you cannot fail to see that, whereas King John is not Macbeth and Vincentio is not Prospero, they were shaped by the same hand. As bold, strong-colored constructions for the popular stage, these are wonderful plays and the season thusfar at Stratford is a great year for the groundlings Shakespeare knew us to be.

OF THE company now performing there, the main point is that it has not yet become a company. There are not, as there were last year, antagonisms of style or individual inadequacies to strike down a play. But one still thinks of the productions in terms of the particular actors appearing, says to oneself that certain roles are conceived as they are because that is the way certain actors can perform them. This, as you would expect, is most evident in the leads. The supporting cast is develop-

The Sword

bending its fury in the air
it cuts a tunnel in the flesh

but the armor snaps its plunge
and blunts its edge

and though it mends as it recoils
when it strikes it breaks

for the armor formed in the flesh
which it cannot shake

indifferently repels
its monotonous fall

and though its fury never fails
its blade never enters the soul

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ing a style and a familiarity with Shakespeare's language and conventions that enable a herald, a secondary noble, a townsman or a bawd to make a sharp and right impression in the second or two that your eye is on one of them. But one feels that Houseman, for all he is a strong director who shaped the plays according to his advance decision, also to a real extent accommodated himself to the given styles of Nina Foch, John Emery, Kent Smith, Mildred Dunnock, Fritz Weaver and certain others. They are all good actors and they all offer interesting interpretations. But what one likes or dislikes about their performances, one attributes to them—and that is not what is meant by a company. It is not yet the organization that can undertake the great plays that still lie ahead for the Festival Theatre.

How, in the long run, a company is to be created is not yet evident. The present scheme of inviting a guest director to start afresh each season with guest stars is not likely to produce it. But the Academy at Stratford is in session, the students are carrying spears on the stage and this branch of the enterprise may in time bear fruit. Meanwhile one can foresee how such a company would look by observing the present conduct of Morris Carnovsky, Arnold Moss, Hiram Sherman, Earle Hyman, Kendall Clark, Whitford Kane and some others of as yet smaller experience who begin to offer a symphonic organism that would permit a director to stage a Shakespeare repertory as great as the capacity within him.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

DR. FRANK STANTON, President of CBS, has charged the public—that pleasantly amorphous concept—with an important responsibility. Testifying before the Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee during its recent investigations of the TV industry, he said: ". . . for television, the public is the ultimate monitor—the monitor-in-chief. What it persistently turns off, cannot be turned on again by any group of network executives . . . the ultimate decision is not ours but the public's. In our business the process is one of pure democracy." These sentiments were echoed by NBC's Sarnoff and ABC's Kintner. Even the acidulous John Crosby points out in the New York *Herald Tribune*: "It isn't the networks that control the public, it's the public that controls the networks."

It is a serious and important hunk of control that we have been handed so freely: to shape much of the opinion in this country, to be responsible for much of the leisure time of more than one hundred million Americans, to shape the minds of a generation of TV babies—citizens of tomorrow. It is surprising that the three network bosses should suddenly and unanimously divest themselves of the responsibility which is their livelihood and for which they have fought so hard. More surprising that they are dumping the power in our laps at a time when they vigorously protest that they cannot hand over even a modicum of control to other interests in the industry or government. One can scarcely believe they mean quite what they say.

During the preparations and progress of the current hearing in Washington [see *The Nation*, July 7] the independent TV film companies and a few independent TV station owners have charged the networks with monopoly control of this most significant of industries. The networks dictate all the programming of the stations which they own outright and much of the programming of their affiliated stations. The "option time" system forces network programs onto local affiliates, prevents use of independently produced material. Networks say this practice is good for the stations: they share in the revenue, are spared the expense of programming themselves, are able to broadcast a "balanced program schedule of wide public appeal." The independents say that it flouts the public interest which the stations are licensed to serve; that the license is ineffectual when the networks do the major share of the programming; that the present situation amounts to block booking of a type held unlawful by the Supreme Court in the motion picture industry.

IS THE public aware that its industry is pretty much a closed operation? The networks flatly refuse to change their option time arrangements because they must have sufficient stations for network shows or advertisers would not buy them; then, if networks did not have reasonable assurance of meeting the high costs of production and transmission, they could not provide a continuous schedule to attract and hold affiliate stations and could not produce public service programs. What it comes down to is, no monopoly, no national coverage and no good works—an impasse that the networks are in no hurry to break. And to reinforce it, NBC's Pat Weaver states, a little truculently but probably quite correctly: "Take TV away from any industry today, and it will go out of business, literally go out of business." The huge coffers of industry and the vast electronic complexities of the network make an impressive pair.

Facing this two-headed Goliath is a small band of tenacious Davids, the independent producers. Some of the strongest of them have formed the Association of TV Film Distributors, Inc. The organization has no officers, no official spokesman. None of the independents I have talked with will allow me to quote them by name; their position with the network is already precarious and they fear that if they antagonize them further they will be unable to sell anything at all for network distribution. The networks sanctimoniously point out that more than half of their programming comes from extra-network sources. What they fail to make clear, however, is that most of the so-called independent sources have entered a profit-sharing arrangement with the networks. The independent companies who have

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not made such an arrangement can sell very little directly to the network. They do sell to sponsors who buy time from the networks and show their own films.

Here is the way Dr. Stanton's "pure democracy" works. After the sponsor has bought network time, he chooses a program for that time through his advertising agency. The independent producers must compete for this business with network-produced programs. But when the sponsor chooses an independently produced show, it must be bought "subject to network approval," and that is difficult to obtain. When a network disapproves, as it usually does, the sponsor has the choice of accepting what the network offers or losing his time—often prime time that he may have finagled for years to capture.

Many specific instances prove the willingness of the network to substitute a program in which it has a profit-sharing deal—always on the ground of good programming, and in the public interest. It is perhaps impossible for network officials to know when their discretion and judgment are used only in the public interest, and when they are colored by private interest—the inevitable conflict of such dual responsibility. Perhaps that is why network officials have given the public the great and important charge. Rather you than I, they say in effect. If you watch the shows we present, if you buy the sponsor's product, that leaves our hands clean and our conscience clear. We must be operating in the public interest if you accept what we give you. But as things stand now, the public has a choice between what the networks give it or nothing at all—a sham power which many sponsors will bitterly understand.

(*This is the second of a series on the current TV industry investigations.*)

MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

MY OWN FEW and limited experiences with Toscanini left me with the impression of his essential personal sweetness. But if I was right how are we to account for the rages at rehearsals that were legendary; how, now, are we to account for the shocking behavior to people in his personal relations with them that Samuel Chotzinoff reveals in *Toscanini: An Intimate Portrait* (Knopf, $3.50)? One answer is to say that such contradictions are observed in everyone, and to ask why Toscanini, merely because he was a great conductor, should be expected to be different in this respect from an engineer or a businessman. True, the contradictions were extreme in his case; but concerning this I will say what I said once before. Not only do public performers have, at the very least, the traits of character and personality of other human beings — traits conditioned, developed and distorted by the ordinary experiences with family, friends, enemies, teachers, employers — which are reasons for their behavior to be no better than other people's. In addition they are subjected to the distorting strains of their intensive training and careers; and some of them begin with the unbalance that makes possible a fanatical dedication and concentration during long years of training and then during the years of artistic achievement—the result being often behavior that is irrational, unreasonable, outrageous. Toscanini was, in his relation to music, a man obsessed, possessed; and such a man was not rational and reasonable—not about music or anything else. Intelligent orchestral musicians understood that about him—which was why they forgave him his rages.

But there is, I suggest, still another explanation that may account for the shocking behavior Mr. Chotzinoff describes. I think Toscanini realized at some point, and probably quite early, that his powers and achievements made him an object of exploitation—by opera companies, orchestras, concert managers, record companies, broadcasting companies, journalists, people he met socially. And recognizing that the exploitation not only couldn't be prevented but did after all provide him with the necessary opportunities for his work, he accepted the inevitable and profited by it: he used his energy for his work, not in futile attempts to prevent his being exploited, and he exploited his exploiters in turn. But though he accepted the situation he also resented it; and facing a world of hard-eyed people who wanted something from him he yielded to the impulse to let his resentment take its revenge on them. Even on personal friends? Even on personal friends: apparently he sensed what sort of friend Mr. Chotzinoff would turn out to be.

Where the exploitation was an exchange of benefits it was fair enough for a record company, for example, to profit by Toscanini's achievements and fame if in return it gave him proper reproduction of his performances. But Victor produced many recordings that were defective;

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worse still, it inflicted on a number, good as well as poor, an "enhancement" that amounted to sheer betrayal: after Toscanini's prodigious labor to achieve the unique sharpness of definition, clarity of texture and solidity characteristic of his performances, the "enhancement" dissolved them into blur, confusion and rumble. So with broadcasting: it was fair enough for NBC to profit by Toscanini's name if in return it gave him the accurate transmission of his performances and the audience it owed and promised him. But for thirteen years NBC sent his performances over the air with their sound made unpleasantly dry, flat and hard by Studio 8H when it was acoustically dead, or coarse and harsh when the studio was made live—in either case something very different from the sound of a Toscanini performance in Carnegie Hall. And in the fall of 1947, when NBC wanted to sell Sunday at 5 to an advertiser, it moved Toscanini from this time, when most people could listen, to Saturday at 6:30, when people in the East were busy with their children or their dinners, and many in the West were still at work.

WHAT, now, of Mr. Chotzinoff? As the man whose friendship with Toscanini had enabled him to secure him for NBC and to continue to handle him for the company, Mr. Chotzinoff held a highly paid position of musical counsel there; and it was fair enough for him to profit by the friendship in this way if he gave in return what this friendship obligated him to give—if, for example, hearing what Studio 8H did to the sound of an orchestra, before Toscanini arrived in 1937, Mr. Chotzinoff spoke out against the studio and warned Toscanini about it; or if in 1947 he advised Toscanini against the change to Saturday at 6:30 that would reduce his audience. But he appears to have been as silent about 8H in 1937 as he is now; and in 1947 Toscanini repeated to me the statements of Mr. Chotzinoff that had persuaded him this was a better time which assured him a larger audience. And what of the book? It is about Toscanini; but what Mr. Chotzinoff writes about him reveals some things about himself. He describes the bad temper, indignities and cruelties that he and others accepted at Toscanini's hands; and some readers have been too shocked by these to note or care much about the generosity, sweetness, kindness, consideration—significantly, the unfailing consideration and courtesy toward servants—that Mr. Chotzinoff also reports. Others, however, have observed that it wasn't especially admirable of Mr. Chotzinoff, when he found it advantageous, to accept mistreatment which he didn't have to accept, and which someone with integrity and pride would not have accepted. And they have thought it even less admirable, but not surprising, that Mr. Chotzinoff should now reveal Toscanini's bad behavior to the world, and violate the privacy of his personal life which he had trusted a friend to preserve.

It remains only to add that the book contains inaccuracies which are important not only in themselves but because they diminish confidence in Mr. Chotzinoff's accuracy throughout. It isn't true that NBC in 1937 created an additional new orchestra for Toscanini, incurring the added expense this implies: NBC's Red and Blue Networks had staff orchestras of sixty-five from which the required number of players were assembled whose weekly "services" now included the rehearsals and performance for Toscanini's broadcast; and what was done for Toscanini was to replace a number of these staff men with higher-calibre players who, the first years, were paid higher salaries. Nor is it true that the broadcast performances of *Fidelio*, *La Bohême*, *La Traviata* and *Otello* were recorded on wax by Victor: the recordings issued by Victor were dubbed later from the acetate recordings that NBC had made for its files. And I can mention only one of the incorrect statements about the disastrous final broadcast and its preliminaries: it isn't true that in the Bacchanale of *Tannhäuser* "the men stopped playing and the house was engulfed in terrible silence": the piece was completed, and if I remember correctly it was applauded.

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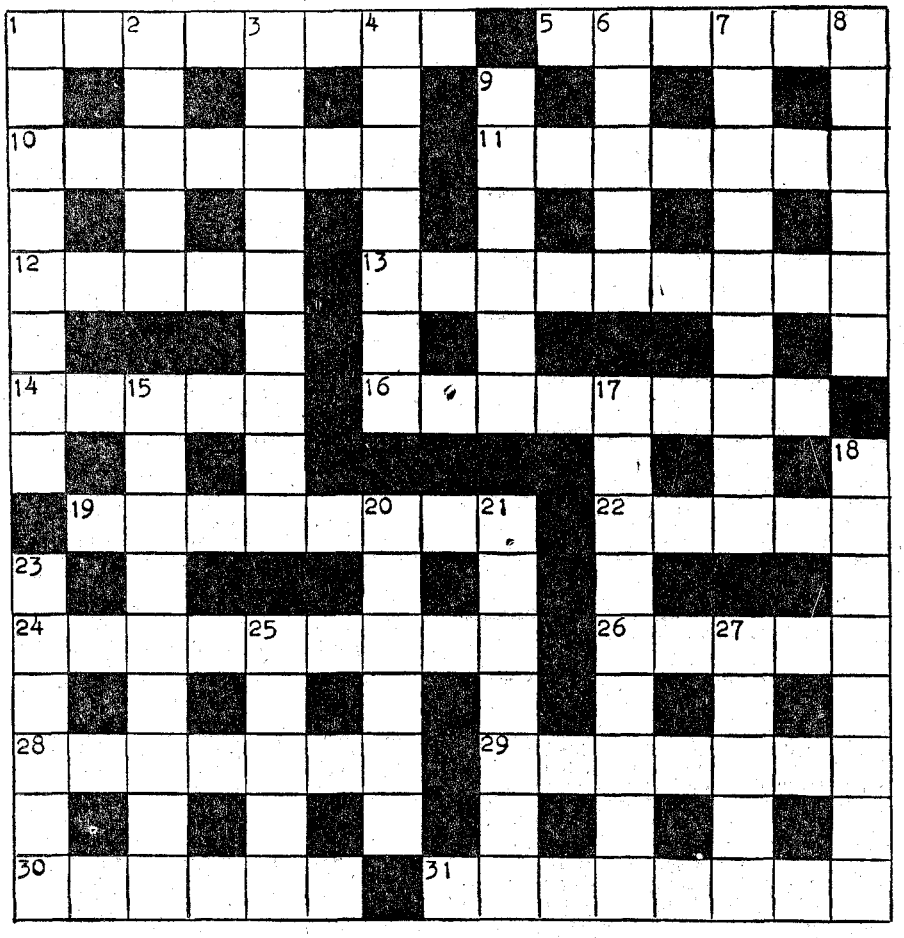
Crossword Puzzle No. 681

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Broken-down streetcar, merely like a wife. (8)
5 and 15 down This implies you may get more by accident. (6, 9)
10 Boxvine, without the basic skeleton structure. (7)
11 Bears up. (7)
12 Cared so poorly for it, it's a wonder it could still be run! (5)
13 The outlandish character of Ruth Nealy. (9)
14 and 22 across Pretty close to drab, but some prefer their this in drink. (5, 5)
16 Is the skipper completely exhausted (4-4)
19 Does Susy, in disguised character? (8)
22 See 14 across
24 To bar this magazine implies condemning it. (9)
26 To outdo forty, by the sound of it! (5)
28 Opening, alternatively and conditionally cold. (7)
29 Comfortable shoes for sale here! (7)
30 Do men on the bench find their work so arduous? (6)
31 A Latin is bound to be related to them. (8)

DOWN:

1 Not a breakfast-nook — though it might go with the meal. (8)
2 Deadly—'til eleven hundred. (5)
3 A woman might put her coat on—and be a trifle too richly attired. (9)
4 Lauding, yet flagging. (7)
6 Rank and column name, perhaps. (5)
7 This bit rather sounds like the lower price. (9)
8 When one writes these, is he likely to be 30? (6)
9 More than one class might lead the fight, with fifty more. (6)
15 See 5 across.
16 If given as taps, you'd probably not rise to the occasion. (5, 4)
18 Pens. (8)
20 A band of them moored their bark on a wild New England shore. (6)
21 Lots and lots of kids play this kind of baseball, and show it. (7)
23 Has to be agile at the right of the road, it seems (6)
25 Extrinsic. (5)
27 Secret police. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 680:

ACROSS: 1 DEPONENT; 5 UGLIER; 10 YOUNG; 11 MACHINIST; 12 OPALINE; 13 ORDINAL; 14 SINGES; 15 SEETHES; 18 OLYMPIC; 21 STAIRS; 24 OVERLAP; 26 AUDITOR; 27 RESOUNDED; 28 ON DIT; 29 WELLER; 30 AND 4 DOWN SAFETY IN NUMBERS. DOWN: 1 DRY ROT; 2 PLURALITY; 3 NAGGING; 6 GRIDDLE; 7 IXION; 8 RUTHLESS; 9 ECHOES; 16, 22 AND 17 HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW; 19 POLLUTE; 20 CUPIDS; 21 SCANDIA; 23 CRETAN; 25 EASEL.

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